

Mr. W. R. Spalding With my compliments Sonia D. Thurmond

FOR OUR HOME AND THE NATION



Song By
SONIA D. THURMOND

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Composer of
Hail, Sewanee!
Vive Partout Les Liberte! etc.

For Our Home And The Nation.

Words & Music by SONIA D. THURMOND.

dolce
While our chil-dren may laugh in their in-no-cent glee We will go to the front in fierce
doloroso
When our com-rades are wound-ed and man-y are slain, When our foes are all con-quer'd and

fight to de-fend them; The wife well be-lov'd we may not a-gain see Will re-main safe at
made to sur-ren-der; Do not then ex-ult o'er the foes that re-main-They have made a brave

home like an an-gel to tend them! Where the love-fires burn bright with a ho-ly, pure
light, tho' the sword they may ten-der. When the bat-tle is won strife and ha-tred be

light, And the fond ones who love us are dear in God's sight. Let us yield not to
done, Put to si-lence the boom-ing of ev-'ry great gun! For our home and the

sor-row in say-ing a-dieu, For those whom we love are so pa-tient and true.
na-tion in glo-ry to save The sons of the free are a-sleep in the grave.

CHORUS.

risoluto
With a pur- pose and will both de - ter - min'd and strong, With un - fal - ter - ing step, un - dis -
giocoso
When at last we re - turn to our own coun - try's shore, And the dear ones are there with a

may'd and un - flinch - ing; Thro' shells and thick shot we will tramp straight a - long, Thro' the gas and the
fond, hap - py greet - ing, Thank heav'n and re - joice to be with them once more, Where the true, faith - ful

flame - with the en - e - my clinch - ing! Sol - dier, stead - y your nerve, and stand firm, do not
hearts of our old friends are meet - ing. And the flag we will raise, and the Lord we will

swerve, With un - err - ing, swift aim, give them what they de - serve! For - ward charge with the
praise, If from war we may rest till the end of our days! May the flag of our

bay - o - net, throw the gre - nade, And rout ev - 'ry foe with the Al - might - y's aid!
bat - tles in peace wave a - bove Our own bless - ed home and the land that we love!

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

Words by
DEKOTA MAY TETZLOFF

Music by
R. A. BROWN

Marcia

Through-out this land of U. S. A. we grave-ly turn our fa - ces; Un -
From North and South, from East and West, our dear old Flag is blow-ing; They've
With fife and drum our sol-diers come, their bu-gles loud-ly sound-ing; With

to our Coun-try's Pres - i - dent, and watch him as he plac-es His
heard the call of Un - cle Sam, and now they are re - spond-ing; To
suits of blue or kha - ki hue, their brave young fa - ces smil-ing; They

name up - on the clean white page, that calls our troops to mus - ter. The
give their Coun-try's Flag their best and keep it proud-ly float-ing; For
are the Sons of Un - cle Sam - and Lib - er - ty's de - fend - ers; God